Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Sir Walter Scott.

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

From "Written in Early Spring," by William Wordsworth.

The streets are full of human toys,
  Wound up for threescore years;
Their springs are hunger, hopes and joys,
  And jealousies and fears.

They move their eyes, their lips, their hands;
  They are marvelously dressed;
And here my body stirs or stands,
  A plaything like the rest.

The toys are played with till they fall,
  Worn out and thrown away.
Why were they ever made at all!
  Who sits to watch the play!

"Playthings," by Robert Louis Stevenson.